

Chapter 247

GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

Nothing could transform a tremendously exhausting day into something breathtakingly beautiful quite like good news. Emeriel was awake—hale and hearty.

He stood before her chamber doors.

When the servants moved to announce his presence, a subtle shake of his head dismissed them without a word.

This was a moment he wanted to enjoy alone.

Quietly, he pushed the door open and slipped inside. The soft lamplight bathed the room in a glow, gilding the edges of everything it touched.

Emeriel was bent over, sorting through her closet, her back to him.

Daemonikai leaned against the doorframe, taking a moment to simply watch her.

Gone were the formal, elegant garments of a princess. Clad in simple white nightwear, her figure was accentuated in a way that struck him to his core.

She was breathtaking, with curves rivaling the finest sculptures in the grandest museums.

His eyes followed her as she shifted, her plump, rounded ass presented to him like an invitation. Heavens above.

Arousal surged within him, greedy and possessive.

He imagined himself stepping forward, taking hold of her soft curves, squeezing them. Spanking them, just to see how they would jiggle.

He could almost hear the sweet sounds she'd make as he held her down, fucking into her, watching that delectable backside of hers dance to his moves.

Daemonikai clenched his jaw. He wanted to make love with her, to see her unravel under him. This time, no heat or rut clouding their senses, just them and their pure desire for each other.

He wanted to undo her, watch her fall apart, and piece her back together. To see the emotions she always hid behind her mask shatter under his hands.

To tear down every wall, every defense, until she sang for him like a water nymph, over and over, as he took her from one orgasm to the next.

His dick definitely loved the idea a lot. Hard and aching in his pants.

But control was an advantage of being an ancient like him. He glared down at his straining member.

Not yet, boy. No action for us for a long, long time. No matter how long it takes to win her back, to earn her trust, we wait. If it takes a decade, so be it.

Thank Ukrae for his heavy robes hiding his very disobedience dick.

"Your Grace!"

The gasp snapped his head up.

Emeriel was already facing him. Her hand flew to her chest as her eyes widened in surprise. "You scared me."

I'm your Beloved, Riel. Not Your Grace.

I am everyone else's Majesty, but to you, I only want to be your male.

He smiled, tired yet genuine. "I apologize for that, dearling. I was merely enjoying the view," he said in a velvety tone, his gaze roaming deliberately over her.

The faintest blush spread across her cheeks.

Huh, he hadn't seen that in so long. How he'd missed it.

His beast, however, had seen more of those, than he had.

Still can't believe you got more action than I did, you oaf, he grumbled at his beast.

Mate. Mine.

I know, Beast. Ours.

With his hands clasped behind his back, he strode further into the room. "How do you feel?"

"Much better," she said, hesitating, her eyes scanning him in return. "And you?"

"I feel splendid." And he did. Seeing her alive and well breathed new strength into him.

Her steps were tentative as she closed the distance between them, her delicate fingers reaching out to touch his arm. "May I?"

"You never need to ask, Riel," he drawled. "Touch me whenever, however you wish."

Her cheeks colored again, his subtle double meaning not lost on her.

Maintaining silence, she removed his cloak with careful hands, folding it neatly, and setting it aside before turning her attention to his arm.

Eyes on the dark trails of blackened blood. "How is it?"

"It doesn't hurt as much anymore," he said, his tone reassuring. "My soul is healing, and with it, the symptoms are fading."

Her hand trailed along the faint marks. "Yes, they are not as black or as many as they used to be," she murmured. "I remember when I first saw them..." Her voice dipped. "It was terrifying."

I have nothing left to give you, she had told him that day in the woods.

Yet standing here now, watching her, Daemonikai still didn't believe it—just as he hadn't believed it then.

"It's cleared from your wrist," she whispered, completely focused. "The trail is shortening. It truly is healing."

Look at you, Riel, fretting over me. You still care.

Reaching out, he tucked the silky strands of hair that had fallen across her face behind her ears. One side, then the other. "Thank you for taking care of me."

Her hand stilled.

Slowly, she looked up, her luminous eyes meeting his.

"For returning, even when you were still hurting," he continued, his voice heavy with meaning. "Thank you for being here. You saved my life." In more ways than one.

"You saved mine, too." Her hand rested lightly on his chest. "But why would you do something so dangerous? Drawing the poison into yourself—"

"I've done many dangerous things in my lifetime, Emeriel," he gave a faint smile. "So many, in fact, that if you become a bard and write them all down, you'd need an entire library to store the tales. But this? This was not one of them."

Her head dipped, and he saw her throat tighten as she swallowed against the emotion rising within her. "But you shouldn't have—"

Gently, he tipped her chin up, his gaze locking onto hers. "I would do it again. Over and over. If you walked out there and caught ten poisoned arrows, like flies to a feast, I would suck every single venom from your body and into mine, even if it meant my death."

Her breath shuddered out, eyes shining with unshed tears. "But why?"

"I think you already know why."

"No, I don't." Voice breaking, she stepped back, her hand falling. "I don't know, I c-can't. I can't."

He finally got emotions.